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WE have been accused of undue severity in our remarks on Mr. Balfe's *Geraldine*. On returning to these remarks, however, we feel much inclined to think that we have been too indulgent, and that our evident wish to speak well of a work, which is the production of a British composer, has thrown an air of equivocation over the greater part of what we have advanced. We now take the opportunity to defend ourselves by reiterating our fixed principle, that the art is of more consequence than the professor, and that it is incumbent on a critic, in the exercise of his vocation, to throw aside all considerations of friendship or partiality, and not to prostitute the dignity of his office by glossing over the errors and weaknesses of any composition that may come under his notice, out of deference to the feelings or prejudices of the author and his well-wishers. Having, then, stated it as our opinion, that the art is of higher importance than its followers, we may justly be accused of making our practice differ from our theory, by a mistaken tenderness towards an opera, for the sole reason that its composer was born among us. This was so evidently the case in our article of last week on Mr. Balfe's *Geraldine*, as to lessen its weight, and put in jeopardy its sincerity. After-reflection has caused us to regret, that we should have given way to what, in its mildest sense, must be termed an amiable weakness. We were induced to it, however, by the impression we laboured under, that it was better to accord more than due encouragement to a British

work of art, in order thereby to engage managers of theatres to be less chary in their attentions to efforts of a similar nature for the future. If the opera of to-day be bad, (we reasoned), that of to-morrow may be better—that of the day after may be good, and so on; whereas if the bad opera fail, and be condemned by the press without mercy, no farther trial will be given to our countrymen, and thus, in our wish to uphold the prerogative of art, we materially injure it, by creating difficulties to thwart the advancement of its professors. Of this reasoning, however, we now see the falsity. We are convinced that such an opera as that of Mr. Balfe is likely to effect infinitely more harm to the cause of music in this country, than the non-performance *in toto* of the works of our native composers could possibly bring about. Our young musicians might be listening with advantage to a foreign *chef d'œuvre*, instead of acquiring bad habits from the false excitement produced by a tinselly, flashy production, like *Geraldine*—which, from the excessive assurance of its manner, may deceive many into the idea that it is good music, and, stimulate others, moreover, whose natural aspirations would probably have a loftier tendency, into a mimicry of a trivial and vulgar school of writing. All this considered, we find it necessary to declare, without a moment's hesitation—that Mr. Balfe's *Geraldine* is one of the feeblest operas that ever proceeded from the pen of a British composer, and that the great success which it has encountered, if the well-being of art be taken into consideration, is a thing to be regretted rather than rejoiced at.

Mr. Balfe is a very careless and unambitious composer. He has been flattered by silly friends into the notion that he is the king of dramatic music in this country;—while, the plain truth is, that he forms one of the uttermost tail of the entire tribe. His style, if a foolish mannerism be worthy such an appellation, is exceedingly small and vicious. He slavishly imitates the worst of all the French and Italian composers of the present day. His musical capabilities, in short, must be rated at about *one-twentieth* of what the judgment of an uneducated multitude has blindly pronounced them. Mr. Balfe is a fifth-rate composer—a fifth-rate *British* composer—and by no means a *first-rate fifth-rate*. His *Geraldine* is, we are inclined to think, the least meritorious of all his writings. A more *petit* and frivolous school than that which forms the basis of this opera does not exist. The melodies are excessively vulgar, or excessively unmelodious—the accompaniments barren and by no means remarkable for ingenuity;—the orchestration is coarse and miscalculated throughout—and in regard to mere vocalization, Mr. Balfe would seem to treat the human voice with as little ceremony as he bestows on the combinations of his orchestra. Not a solitary air can strictly be termed vocal. Feeble paraphrases of popular French quadrilles, beginnings and endings from the favourite tunes of Adam and other French composers—they leave not a shadow of agreeable impression on the ear. They skip about as though intended to be typical of the saltatory evolutions of grasshoppers, instead of interpreters of alternate passion and humour!—and what is almost

as bad—no singer can by any possibility render them effectively. Yet Mr. Balfe has been called, by his partisans, an admirable judge of the peculiarities and qualifications of individual human voices, than which nothing can be more untrue, as one hearing of *Geraldine* will easily make manifest. The Turkish proverb, "He that is rich is wise," is capitally typified in the success and estimation which have attended all the efforts of Mr. Balfe. He has, by some unaccountable means, attained an elevated position among the musical artists of Great Britain—he has, we guess not how, won the public ear in his favour—he has, by what means we cannot conceive, gained the suffrages and patronage of the aristocratic and fashionable world—he has, still more unaccountably, achieved a brilliant success at the *Opera Comique* in Paris, (where John Barnett resided for a considerable period without having a chance of being heard), and now, whatever he gives birth to, good or bad, is cried up as something wonderfully out of the common way, while any musician knows that there are at least fifty composers in this country who can do as well or better. We again repeat, and we are not to be frightened by the big words of any *clique* in existence, that the success of a native composer, if merited, is to us one of the most grateful of occurrences—but a success so extravagantly beyond his deserts as that which Mr. Balfe has managed to obtain, is a matter of regret, inasmuch as it prevents the healthy march of the art, and gives foreigners an essentially mean notion of the musical capabilities of the artists of Great Britain. We certainly looked for better things after all the inordinate puffing and plaistering of the French *Feuilletonistes*;—but, for the future, we shall be on our guard. It is a much easier thing than we imagined to bamboozle the Parisian public. We never rated them very high, but the triumph of *Le Puits d'Amour* sinks them, in our estimation, down to the bottom of the *Puits de stupidité*.

Since writing the above, we are informed that the accustomed free admission

of the *Musical World* to the Princess's Theatre has been stopped by Mr. Maddox, the lessee, in consequence of our unfavourable report of the music of *Geraldine*;—so that as we persist, nevertheless, in entertaining our original impression, and not only in entertaining but in publishing it to the world—our sincerity, and the rigid uprightness of our proceedings can hardly be doubted; and we submit patiently, sooner than act against our real conviction, to the terrible deprivation to which Mr. Maddox has subjected us. Perhaps in private we may cry over it—but in public we remain unmoved. Mr. Maddox must surely be conspiring with Henri Blanchard to exterminate us. Q.

#### THE BIBLIOTHEQUE CLASSIQUE.

*Symphony in D minor.* LOUIS SPOHR.—*Ottetto in E flat.* FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLODY.  
—*Symphony in C sharp minor.* GEORGE ALEXANDER MACFARREN.

It would be difficult to pitch on three more widely differing in their peculiar modes of thought, and their characteristic mannerisms of expression, than the composers whose works come at present under our notice. The honeyed lusciousness of Spohr, the fevered restlessness of Mendelssohn, and the daring energy of Macfarren, appeal in an equally remarkable degree to our admiration. Spohr exults in dreams of voluptuous excitement—his thoughts are typical of the luxury of passion: his melodies are attendants on the Goddess of Love, arrayed in exuberant attire, and decked in capricious ornament; his harmonies are stimulants of irresistible attraction, giving birth to the softest and most enervating current of ideas. His exquisite finish reminds us of Correggio, his glowing colouring of Titian, his variegated imagery of Turner, his million-formed elaborations of Macclise. Yet Spohr is anything but a chaste imaginer—his Muse is a *Lais* rather than a *Diana*: he conjures up no images of simple loveliness, but stretches out before the view a kaleidoscopic exposition of the myriad delusions of sensuality. Nevertheless, there is a holiness in his very profanity which lays hold of our veneration, and will not let it loose—a dignity in his very licentiousness, which insists upon our respect—such is the magic might of his powerful genius, scattering fantasies multiform and fair,

"Like golden boats on a sunny sea,"

investing them with beauty as with a shining garment, in variety of hue which astonishes the mind, and pungency of attraction which makes them (to employ the quaint phraseology of the "Arabian Nights") "temptations unto the servants of the Lord."

Mendelssohn—how different!—is like a disembodied spirit seeking for a resting-place—or an Arab maiden lost in the infinity of a desert—or a hind at noon panting for the brooks—or an irritable mind pining for distinction—or an eastern bird of dazzling plumage, confined within the dreary limits of a cage, and striving with vain efforts for deliverance—or anon,

"A gorgeous insect, floating motionless,  
Unconscious of the day."

His conceptions are more ideal than those of Spohr, but less ornate—more subtle, but less sweet—more majestic, but less in repose—more piquant, but less amatory. Spohr may be likened to a summer's day, Mendelssohn to a rainbow with a tempest in its rear.

Macfarren, with some of the peculiarities of both, has qualities of his own which render him distinctly individual. There is a rugged loftiness about him, composed of wilfulness, gloom, and grandeur. He seeks for rocky dwellings, mid the roar of the cataract, the frown of the precipice, and the menace of the storm—or for huge deserts tormented with the sandy avalanche—or for unfrequented seas, where the typhoon stalks, and whirlpools are eternally at war;—death to the ship that comes there. He has much of the wide grasp of Beethoven, though but rarely resembling him in style. He has less finish than Spohr, less of the excitable qualities of Mendelssohn, but more decided energy, more fearlessness than either. In short, for an English composer he is a miracle; but, it must be acknowledged that the English composers are ordinarily no great things.

To examine such works as those before us with the precision of technicality is out of the question. Their ethereal nature places them far out of the reach of hypercritical remark, and their meaning is far too profound to be analysed by means of *W plus X minus Y*, multiplied by *Z*. Their tendency is metaphysical, consequently intangible by the critical rule of three, and wholly apart from the dominion of straight lines. Of the *D minor* symphony of Spohr we can only say, that it was one of the dreams of our early youth; it clothed our inexperienced thoughts in goodly array of sunlight—it sanctified our youngest aspirations after the beautiful, the ideal, the poetical. Hallowed be it ever—as a text-book of enthusiasm—as a Koran for true believers. The first movement is a passionate reverie, the *andante* a rose, which, (in the words of a modern English poet of transcendent power)

"Like a nymph to the bath address'd,  
Unveil'd the depth of her glowing breast,  
Fold after fold to the fainting air,  
Till the soul of her beauty and love lay bare."

The *Scherzo* and *trio*, a knight-errant and his lady-love—she sombre and warlike, yet loving withal—she beauteous as the moon, tender as the sensitive plant, worshipping her beloved, as the Ghebir adores the sun. The *rondo finale* is a picture of innocence, clothing itself in gaudy ornaments for sport, looking in each new costume more lovely than in the last, and anon casting off entirely its gew-gaw attire, and appearing in the beauty and freshness of primitive nature. Mendelssohn's *Ottetto* became known to us when enthusiasm was matured by riper judgment; yet, though it appealed more to our understanding, it went not a whit less home to our heart. The first movement represents a disturbed sea, now turbulent, now calmer, now treacherously dissimulating its fury, (reminding us strangely of an infinite line in Shelley's poem of *Alastor*—

"A pool of treacherous but tremendous calm,"—)

now bursting out into ungovernable rage. The *andante* is a tale of mystery, and the antiquated sequence in the third page, modernised Mendelssohn-ically, is "like age at play with infancy;" the *intermezzo* (Mendelssohn's own invention) is a fairy revel, sparkling with minute laughter, radiated with tiny coruscations; the finale is an excited multitude, tearing down every obstacle—and reaches the very acme of the sublime. The symphony of Macfarren was made familiar to us still later than either, yet to its praise be it stated, we were in no degree less struck by its merits. The opening movement reminds us of a mountainous region, where the vulture and the eagle build their nests, where

no foot of man has ever trod, where winds moan, and hail pelts; the birth-place of the clouds, whence they depart to seek adventure—a dismal and eternal solitude; the diatonic scale, in contrary motion, in the last page, is the avalanche which rolls down impetuously, and “thunders out annihilation as an answer to all impediments in its path.” The *andante* is a smooth lake, tranquil and diaphanous, on whose bosom are two lovers in a boat, with no other earthly creature to disturb their mute, yet eloquent, religion; “thought’s melody” has become “too sweet for utterance;” they are alone, yet all together—that dear monotony, the song of birds, is the only sound appealing to their senses, except the heart-music which only lovers hear. The *schizzo* may be likened to Dramuziando in “Palmerin of England,” or some other good-natured giant of romance, and the trio to his attendant jack-a-lantern, who flits about here and there promiscuously, so that the eye cannot rest on him. The finale is a volcano expectorating flames and ashes, spreading terror and extermination far and wide; it is a veritable masterpiece of fiery and impetuous energy.

Such a publication as the “*Bibliothèque Classique*” is highly useful and commendable—for how many are there having no possible chance of making acquaintance with these and such-like *chef d’œuvres* of orchestral music, except through the agreeable medium of pianoforte duets. These are admirable arrangements, and give an excellent idea of the effect, when rendered by a band, according to the original scores.

EUSEBIUS.

## MOZART

## AND THE ORGAN OF WEINGARTEN.

BY EDWARD FETIS.

THE future composer of *Don Juan*, Mozart, while yet a child, undertook, under his father’s directions, a tour in which he displayed his rare talent and budding renown. By the concerts which he gave, he gained much applause and unqualified praise, but very little money. On many occasions when their common purse was but ill stored, from motives of economy the father and son were compelled to journey from town to town on foot. In one of these pilgrimages, having to cross the *Schwarz Forst* (the Black Forest), they lost themselves. This forest had, at that time, a very bad name, being the scene of the exploits of celebrated bandits. The sun but lighted the upper branches of the thickly foliated trees, when our travellers perceived that they had mistaken their road. Twilight succeeded daylight, and the darkness of night soon followed. Leopold Mozart was frightened, and walked on without saying a word, expecting to see behind each tree a robber in ambush. Wolfgang sang to relieve his own melancholy, and to cheer the spirits of his father. At length they began very seriously to calculate the chances of passing the night, not by starlight, for the sky was covered with clouds, but in the dark and in the open air, when their attention was arrested by certain sounds of a feeble but striking nature. They first thought it was the wind in the trees, which, by an inexplicable caprice, whistled harmonic progressions. Their error was not of long duration, for they soon discovered that it was real music, and that very agreeable too. This was a new source of fear for Leopold Mozart, who would, by no means, be persuaded, but that it proceeded from those industrious and invisible spirits with whom the numerous local traditions peopled the forests of Germany. As a prudent man he refused to go in the direction whence the sounds proceeded, and argued with his son that there was no likeli-

hood of there being a human orchestra stationed in the Black Forest at such an hour. Nevertheless, music always exercised upon Wolfgang, Mozart, an irresistible power of attraction, and in spite of his father’s apprehensions, he persisted in making his way towards the place the sound appeared to come from. As they advanced the notes became more distinct; and it was soon impossible to mistake that they were produced by a powerful organ. The father and son continued to walk on thus for some time, approaching the mysterious music which served as their guide. They were in complete obscurity, when, on a sudden, a bright light burst upon them, in the midst of which appeared a vast edifice. The sounds of the organ had ceased, and the cries of the night-birds alone troubled the calm silence of a beautiful autumn evening. After having walked round a kind of fortress, at the foot of which they had stopped, they found themselves in front of a thick oaken door, fastened with iron inside, so that the inhabitants might sleep in full security. Leopold Mozart hesitated to ring for fear of encountering some diabolical apparition, but his son observed to him that they could not think, at such an hour, of going in quest of another resting-place, and that, besides, it was not yet the time when demons commence their frolics. The good man was obliged to make up his mind to pull the iron chain which hung on one side of the door; but it was not without a shudder (for which the darkness concealed his shame) that he heard the pealing of a large bell.

Leopold Mozart expected to see a messenger make his appearance with a cloven foot and frightful horns; he was agreeably surprised when a monk, habited in a long white robe, of the religious order of St. Benoit, came to answer their summons, after having satisfied himself by a glance through the grating that he had not to do with visitors of a suspicious appearance. Our travellers learned that chance had led them to the Abbey of Weingarten, much celebrated in Suabia, and the whole of the Catholic part of Europe. They asked hospitality for the night; and, according to the custom of the times, their desire, in this respect, was granted. The porter conducted them to the refectory. The monks came to take their part in the evening meal, and Leopold Mozart and his son were invited to seat themselves at the table appropriated to strangers: after having supped with the appetite of way-worn travellers, they related to their hosts how they had lost their way, and were on the point of passing the night in the middle of the forest, when the sounds of the organ guided them towards the monastery. Wolfgang manifested a desire to see and hear this wonderful instrument, which was considered the most perfect of its kind in the whole world. By informing the good fathers what was his profession, he gave them to understand the interest he must have in such an examination, and they were astonished to find a child of his age endowed with such precocious reasoning. The monk who filled the functions of organist and music-master to the community, promised to wake him an hour before the time when he would be required in the chapel, to assist at matins and satisfy his curiosity. This being agreed upon, our travellers were conducted to the bed-rooms appointed for them, and prepared to enjoy the repose which the fatigues of the day rendered necessary.

It was still dark when the organist of the convent keeping his promise of the previous night knocked at Wolfgang Mozart’s door. The child dressed himself hurriedly and followed his guide. The chapel of the Abbey of Weingarten might have served for the cathedral of a city. Wolfgang was struck by the boldness of the vault and the grand character of the architecture: the choir and principal nave were lighted by lamps, whilst the other parts of the building were al-

most in complete darkness. The light which came from a lamp suspended from the middle of the choir, exhibited a beautiful picture by Alsdorfer above the altar, representing the crucifixion. After having taken a hasty view of the edifice, our traveller directed his steps towards the organ, which was the peculiar object of interest to him, and which alone could have induced him to interrupt his night’s repose.

The organ of Weingarten was unparalleled in Europe—it was superior to that of Haarlem by the number of its stops, and by the excellence of its manufacture—it had cost an enormous sum, although the wood used in its construction had been cut from the forest belonging to the abbey. Mozart asked permission to play upon this famous instrument himself; the guide looked at him with surprise, and replied, that at his age he could not have the physical strength necessary to move the pedal of so powerful an organ: he said no more, but he thought, also, that such a child as Wolfgang appeared to be, must be wanting in the necessary practical knowledge to manage the labyrinth of stops, with which it had pleased Gabler, the maker of this fine organ, to enrich his instrument. Mozart was, indeed, small in stature, of an apparently delicate complexion; but he possessed a strength and energy of mind from his infancy, which made him triumph over all obstacles connected with his art. He insisted that his wish should be granted, and the good monk who had intended seriously to oppose it, consented to what he desired. The bellows which furnished wind to the vast machine, and which had, excepting in the present case, produced a hurricane, was put in motion. Wolfgang placed himself at the instrument. He had occasionally played on the organ at Salzburg, and was not so ignorant of the mechanism of the instrument as his guide imagined. What he did not already know he guessed, and in a short time he became acquainted with all the combinations of stops invented by Gabler. The more he played the more he discovered of the new resources of the powerful orchestra which he commanded, and the more bold became his improvisation. He exhausted all its effects from the sweet tones of the flute, to the tempests of the full organ. The monk was dumb with surprise and admiration, and when Mozart had finished, he said to him: “my son if I am not deceived, you will arrive at great renown in your art; if you aspire at anything more than worldly glory, which is but deceit and vanity, do not consider music as a means of exciting profane passions in men’s hearts, but compose for the church; what you do in this world for the advancement of our holy religion, will contribute to your salvation in the next.” Mozart promised to occupy himself about religious music in the course of his career, if God permitted him to live long enough; and he afterwards said that his masses, offertories and psalms, were composed with the intention of fulfilling that injunction.

Wolfgang Mozart thought it a duty of politeness, to beg the holy father to perform, in his turn on the organ; he at first refused knowing his own inferiority. But this natural reflexion, at first the cause of his refusal, induced him subsequently to consent. He who embraces the monastic life, makes an engagement to renounce all worldly vanities; and to fear to be heard in such a case, would be listening to the counsels of vanity, and infringing the vow of humility. The monk felt contrition and sat himself down to the organ. Mozart seated himself in the choir, in the midst of the richly carved stalls which ornamented this part of the edifice, and turned his face towards the altar. The majesty of the place, the hour, the silence, the obscurity which softened the contour of the surrounding objects, and gave them an indefinite appearance, all inspired in the young artist, a vague senti-



ment of superstitious fear. The first notes of the organ made him shudder; the performer was not a man of genius—he did not possess a profound knowledge of the science—he had only had great practice. By a return of vanity which his conscience did not perceive, and could not prevent, he wished to prove to his young auditor that if he did not aspire, like him, to great harmonic conceptions, he had a perfect acquaintance with all that concerns the employment of music in the exercise of worship, he therefore played through his whole collection of services for small or great fêtes.

What Mozart heard was rather more troublesome to him than agreeable, but he forced himself to hear it out. By degrees his thoughts took another direction, he forgot the organ and the player; and the solemn sounds of the instrument only appeared to him a monotonous murmur. The church, which a few moments before was but dimly lighted, was all at once brilliantly illuminated. The lamps suspended from the roof were lighted as by enchantment, and thousands of wax lights burned around the altar, as also in the side chapels. The stalls in the choir were filled with old monks, whose long white beards hung over their black robes. Mozart was about to rise to give place to one of them, but a supernatural force restrained him. A cardinal advanced, followed by two bishops, ascended the steps of the altar, and commenced the service. Notwithstanding their great age, the holy fathers sang all the verses in a firm and powerful manner. A numerous crowd which had entered the nave of the church, responded to the officiating minister in perfect accord, and sang contemporaneously some admirable combinations of harmony. The organist who hitherto had evinced but very mediocre talent, appeared as it were, newly inspired—it seemed as if genius were developed in him expressly for this solemn occasion. He drew from the combination of stops in his wonderful instrument, some entirely new effects, which had escaped the precocious sagacity of Wolfgang Mozart.

However the chants were more grave, they were of so gloomy an expression that the young witness of this scene could scarcely master his emotion. An object, which he was astonished not to have observed before, struck him at this moment, it was a bier which occupied the centre of the church, and around which were ranged priests robed in surplices. It appeared that they were assisting at the funeral service of a member of the community, in fact they were singing masses for the dead.

Casting his eyes on Alsdorfer's picture placed over the altar, and representing, as before mentioned, Christ on the cross, Mozart experienced an inexpressible feeling of terror. The scene represented by the painter was transformed from fiction to a frightful reality: the figure seemed to come out of the canvass, to live, to act. The Saviour had just been struck by the lance and the blood flowed from the wounds of his feet and hands, which were fixed on the cross, the symbol of our redemption. On the right hand the Virgin clasped her hands in despair, and the holy women who supported her mingled their tears with her's; the soldiers were gambling for the robe of Jesus and laughing among themselves. Mozart would have risen and quitted the church but one of the sculptured figures at the side of the stall he occupied stretched out his arm and drew him back; the poor child was terrified, he regretted not having followed his father's advice to pass the night in the forest, rather than enter this terrible and mysterious place.

The music continued to be heard; but it had changed its nature, the organ only made discordant sounds, and the player gave himself up to such harmonic combinations as scandalised our artist's ears, and sharp and discordant voices

vociferated a barbarous chant, of which the most skilful musician could not have discovered the melody. Mozart was compelled to remain the witness of this horrible scene, but large drops of perspiration rolled down his face, his anxiety was extreme, and he was concealing his head in his hands that he might not see or hear, when he felt some one pull him by the arm; he opened his eyes, the organ was silent, the church was restored to its former obscurity, and he could see only about twenty monks walking slowly and silently out of the side door. His father and the organist were near him. "Where am I, and what has happened?" asked he, still trembling. "You have been sleeping," replied the monk, mildly, "and no wonder, after your fatigue of yesterday," they have been singing the matins, and if you take my advice you will go to bed again."

Mozart found that he had been dreaming, and retired pensively to his cell; the next day he related his adventure of the night to the monk who had accompanied him to the chapel. The story ran through the convent, and was the subject of all conversations and of several whimsical remarks. The superior of the convent considered it a grave case; he did not like Mozart to leave until he had taken part in a solemn service, which, according to his notion, was necessary to restore quietude to the soul of the young artist, and so efface the painful impression of a scene in which the evil spirit had evidently played an active part. While he was walking about one of the vast courts of the abbey, waiting for the celebration of this service, Mozart was accosted by a very aged monk, who said to him, "My son, a very extraordinary circumstance has occurred to you, but it is not the first time the demon has introduced himself into this holy place, to trouble those who inhabit it; in place of the organ which you heard yesterday, and which has been lately constructed, we formerly had a less perfect one, but one, however, which had a great reputation in its time. Have you heard of the human voice in the ancient organ of Weingarten?" On Mozart's reply in the negative, the monk continued, "There is respecting it an authentic tradition, which I will relate to you, if you have leisure to listen to me." They both seated themselves on a stone and the holy father related to him the following strange history.—

(To be continued.)

## REVIEW.

"Six Songs"—HORATIA FIELDING—T. Boosey & Co.

There are two things to praise in these compositions—viz.—the object to which they are dedicated, and the manner in which they are accomplished. The first, though not a question of art, is a question of interest to all of us, artists or otherwise. The authoress is a lady, moving in a distinguished sphere, who is to be admired and respected, inasmuch as she takes concern in the offices of charity, and in the study of a great art—two things not *always* cultivated (at least simultaneously) by the members of fashionable society. The six songs before us are written for a worthy purpose. The profits of their sale are destined for the benefit of the distressed Polish refugees in London, and they are very appropriately dedicated to the Prince

Adam Czartoryski. In regard to their merits, we can safely pay the fair authoress a very high compliment, by assuring her that many a composer of note would be proud to lay claim to them. The first, "The Wild Gazelle," is a bold air in D minor, with a charming episode in the major, giving relief to the monotony of the the minor key, and increased effect to the return to it. The words are by Lord Byron. The second is the exquisite song of "Nourmahal," from Moore's *Lalla Rookh*, and is set by the fair composer to a prettily quaint and plaintive melody in A minor, concluding with a coda in the major, which has a fresh and agreeable result. This is altogether a graceful production. The third, "*Nahe des Geliebten*," (from Goethe), in A flat, is distinguished by a passionate melody, and an elaborate and well written accompaniment. There is a well imagined enharmonic change at page 13, line 1, bar 2, which does credit to the harmonic research of the authoress. No. 4, "Annot Lyle's song," from Scott's *Legend of Montrose*, in D minor, is worthy of the poetry;—we cannot say more. No. 5, "When last we parted," from Byron, is a simple, unaffected, and pleasing melody in B flat, admirably suited to the words. No. 6, "The March to Siberia," by Mrs. Norton, is full of character, and sung by the powerful *contralto* of Mrs. Shaw or Miss Dolby, would produce a great effect in a concert room. It is in D flat, a very unusual key for a lady-composition. This is also harmonised very effectively for three voices, and printed at the end of the book.

In conclusion, we congratulate the fair and talented authoress of these songs on the great musical aptitude she evidently possesses, which has enabled her to carry out with so much grace the highly commendable feeling that induced her to compose them. We strongly call the attention, not only of every amateur, but of every artist, interested in the misfortunes of a brave and generous people, to the publication—and trust that our sincere eulogy may, in some measure, aid the cause it advocates.

"Practical and Theoretical Method for the Pianoforte"—HENRY LEMOINE—(Fourth Edition)—T. Boosey & Co.

M. Lemoine is one of the most distinguished of the modern elementary teachers of the pianoforte, and one of the most useful and successful composers of music calculated for instruction. The present treatise is very celebrated in Paris, and has also been greatly in demand in this country, which, we understand, induced the publishers to produce the present edition, which has the advantage of both the French and English versions of the text, printed side by side. On looking carefully

through the book we find it remarkable for clearness and conciseness—for intelligible and simple rules—and for admirable and useful examples. M. Lemoine avoids all unnecessary mystification—he eschews all superfluous talking—his method is to make himself *at once* understood, with as few words as he can possibly make use of. It is this simplicity which has gained so great a circulation for the work in Paris, and which will make it no less popular in London and the provinces. It is divided into two parts. Part I. containing “The principles of music, in fifteen chapters, numerous exercises, and seventy elementary lessons for one and two performers.” Part II. containing “Every kind of exercise and scale necessary to acquire perfect mechanism for the fingers.”

No one is better qualified than M. Lemoine for the task he has here set himself, and we feel bound to say that he has accomplished it to admiration. The work is very appropriately dedicated to M. Louis Adam, the former instructor of M. Lemoine. We recommend it strongly to all teachers of the pianoforte, who prefer clearness to confusion, and a few excellent rules to a mass of bad ones.

“*Sonatas Rondos and Aires*”—No. 4.—Edited by ROBERT BARNETT—Coventry & Hollier.

The present number of this excellent work contains a graceful and ingenious sonata in E flat by the father of pianoforte music, Clementi. The selection of so clever a composition is highly creditable to Mr. Barnett's taste.

“*Erinnerung an Leipzig*,” Walzer—MORITZ NENNER—T. Boosey & Co.

A pretty set of waltzes *à la* Lanner, not remarkable for originality, but quite unexceptionable.

“*The Village Stream*”—EDWIN G. MONK—Chappell.

The melody of this song is very unhack-nied and agreeable, and the accompaniment, though somewhat laboured, and evincing an occasional lack of scholarship, displays a very promising notion of harmony, and a highly commendable endeavour to avoid the common place. The fault of *doing too much* is a good fault, after all, in a young composer, and is often indicative of future excellence. We must, albeit against our inclination, once more quarrel with Charles Hardaway Hitchings, Esq., the poet of the stream. He says, speaking of the stream—

“Its little waves, as on they glide,  
Beneath the moonlight gleam,  
*As if it were a silver tide*  
*And not a village stream.*”

Will Mr. Newton Crossland tell us that the two lines in italics are anything other

than sheer nonsense. A “Silver tide,” is neither more nor less than a poetical appellative for the village stream, when kissed by the moonlight. So that the quatrain of Mr. Hitchings, unwrapped from its winding sheet of words, signifies simply this—

Its little waves, as on they glide,  
Beneath the moonlight gleam,  
*As if it were a village stream under the moonlight,*  
*And not a village stream.*

We are sorry to be hypercritical, but we have not yet recovered from the drubbing administered to us by Mr. Newton Crossland, and we are sore under the infliction. Mr. Hitchings may aptly ejaculate, “save me from my friends,” but above all from Mr. Newton Crossland.

“*Bound on, bound on my gentle Bark*”—GEORGE DE VINE—Guernsey & De Vine—(Dublin.)

A lively song enough, and so unaffected that you cannot be offended with it. The air is catching, and the accompaniment well arranged.

“*Oonagh's Grave*”—(Echos of the past No. 1.)—F. N. CROUCH—D'Almaine & Co.

If Mr. Crouch would attempt less he would do more. His melodies do not want for character and freshness, but there is an affectation of learning in the accompaniments which neither becomes Mr. Crouch nor the melodies. The present song is one of the best we have seen from his pen. If Mr. Crouch will take away the bass note F, in page 1, line 2, bar 6, from the first chord, he will save the unsatisfactoriness of a six-four unresolved;—this occurs five times and so should be five times erased. If Mr. Crouch will revise bars 3—4—page 2, line 5, he will, we doubt not, omit the consecutive fifths between the D and E in the melody, and the G and A in the bass;—this occurs twice and so should twice be altered. If Mr. Crouch will alter the A flat into A natural, at bar 2, page 3, line 1, he will turn a mawkish piece of sentimentality into a natural and agreeable melody;—this occurs twice and so should twice be altered. If Mr. Crouch will alter the D into F in the first chord at bar 1, page 3, line 5, and omit the F sharp in the first chord at bar 4, page 5, line 1, he will eschew the unpleasant effect of doubling the bass note in the chord of the sixth, and in the latter case will avoid consecutive octaves; these occur twice and so should twice be changed. If Mr. Crouch will make these slight alterations, most of which require *but a stroke of the pen*, he will render his “*Oonagh's Grave*” not only a very pleasing and effective ballad, but a faultless one. The words by Mr. J. H. Jewell very prettily embody an interesting Irish legend, and are ably written.

“*Songs without Words*”—Nos. 1, 2, 3—C. CHAULIEU—D'Almaine & Co.

The three popular airs, “Round my own Pretty Rose,” “Kathleen Mavourneen,” and “The Fairest Flower,” very neatly arranged as easy and brilliant pianoforte pieces. These will, doubtless, have a large sale, from their extreme utility.

“*Light of my Soul*”—W. ASPULL—Wessel & Stapleton.

A new edition of a very graceful and effective serenade, which, its own intrinsic merits, and the charming singing of Miss Birch, have rendered one of the most popular of the day. Our favourable opinion rather grows than diminishes by time.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the “Musical World.”

London, August 22, 1843.

SIR,—The undersigned, a constant reader of the *Musical World*, begs the Editor of that publication to accept the following copy of a comic song, intitled, “A new Comic Song, wrap'd in an old Coat; or, The History of a Young Hare shot dead, but revived again.”

You would oblige the writer of this song, if you would favour him with your opinion, whether he should have done better to have left writing verses alone, (though being ever so prone to meddle with the sports of the Muses). The undersigned also begs leave here to observe, that this attempt had been occasioned by the circumstance, viz.—that at an invitation received to a grand Christmas dinner some days before that happy event took place, a fine young hare had found its way from the kitchen of the invited to that of the fair inviter, and that the beauty of its skin had been so much extol'd by all that had viewed it in and out of this place, that it had caused the writer to make young lightfoot the hero of the song in question.

But now he felt much embarrassed how to get it set to music; not being much gifted to perform it himself. In this predicament he applied to several composers in London, Englishmen, as he had done before on several similar occasions, but without success. But, Sir, being determined of adding my mite to the conviviality on such an occasion, such as a Christmas dinner, to which a great number of ladies and gentlemen had been invited, he took recourse to his brain-box in which yet a great number of songs and melodies were lurking from that happy time of life—Infancy! And as a true German thinks, that there is no great and real enjoyment in life without music—in this case now, an old cheerful German tune extricated him out of his embarrassment.

J. A. STUMPF.  
(Great Portland-street.)

Pray excuse this German English.

[Accompanying the above is a very humorous song, which will be noticed anon in our review.—ED. M. W.]

## COUNTER TENOR VOICES.

To the Editor of the “Musical World.”

SIR,—Your correspondent E. G. has disposed of my suggestion as to the introduction of female singers into our cathedrals in a very summary way, as “absurd, ridiculous, and highly improper;” but without advancing a single argument in proof of its being so. I do not mean to dispute the very great merits of Messrs. Francis Hawkins, Shoubridge, and the other gentlemen



whom he has named. But I brought forward a case in which great difficulty was experienced in finding a voice of the description required. And what has happened before, may happen again. And then, I ask once more, what is to be done! Are we to be compelled to take persons of inferior qualifications, whose voices are unequal to the parts assigned them, rather than engage the talents of the other sex, because E. G. who is perhaps an interested party, condemns the proposal as "absurd" &c. I can assure him that "novel" projects in these days are not to be so easily set aside. I observe in the very next page of your useful periodical, an article with this heading—"Glasgow Teatotal Concerts." Some time since such an announcement would have been received with shouts of derision—but now the writer talks very gravely of "these popular concerts—throughout the attendance has been most large and respectable" &c. I commend the whole article to E. G.'s serious consideration if he wishes to study the signs of the times, and I again invite the attention of the profession to the suggestion which I have ventured to throw out. At all events, I have the consolation of knowing that I shall have "the ladies" on my side; their interests are concerned, and their influence is at all times potent. We read in the Scriptures Exodus 15-20, that Miriam the prophetess, with other women took a prominent part in the music of the religious services then established—and in the Temple of Solomon the order, we are informed, was thus—Ps. 68-25—"The singers went before, the players on instruments followed after, among them were the *damselfs* playing with the timbrels." Perhaps we have done wrong in setting up ourselves to be wiser than God, in condemning as "absurd," ridiculous and highly improper, a practice which he himself has sanctioned with his divine approbation, and the sooner we return to the Scriptural model the better.

I am, Sir, Yours &c.  
A LOVER OF CATHEDRAL MUSIC.

### Miscellaneous.

LA REVUE ET GAZETTE MUSICALE, in an attempted refutation of our strictures on M. Fétis's article about Hasse, which we honoured by insertion in the *Musical World*, lets a curious fact come to light, which materially affects the redaction of the journal. "The *Musical World*," says the paragraph in question, "is not aware that this article had already appeared several years ago, in the '*Biographie Universelle*.'" So that the *Revue*, by its own admission is neither more nor less than a republication of stale matter, seasoned with the groggy mysticism of Maurice Bourges, the sleepy poesy of Henri Blanchard, and the brilliant wit of Maurice Schlesinger.

GRECIAN SALOON.—Mr. T. Rouse the lessee of this amusing establishment took his benefit on Monday evening, to a very crowded audience. The performance, besides a splendid display of fire-works, included a new operetta and a pleasant concert of vocal and instrumental music, in which Mr. Fraser, and all the strength of the company assisted. The operetta was Adolphe Adam's, pleasant and popular bagatelle *Le Postillon de Lonjumeau*, cleverly done into English. Mr. Campbell, the ingenious managing director, delivered

an appropriate address on the occasion. The *Era* pointedly remarks that, "had Mr. Rouse no other claim to support in an establishment so admirably conducted, and affording national amusement at so cheap a price, as to bring it within the range of the most moderate finances, he would amply deserve a bumper for the spirited manner in which he stepped forward, almost single handed, to fight against the objectionable clauses of the New Dramatic regulation bill. He has done more to serve the profession—shield the country manager from oppression—and inspire a purer taste among the public—than the mass who sit in higher places, assuming larger pretensions." Mr. Rouse has our very best wishes for the realization of his warmest anticipations.

THE THEATRES.—Active preparations are now making for the winter season. Drury Lane, Covent Garden, the Adelphi, and the Olympic Theatres will all open in the first week of October. At Drury Lane, *opera* will be the standing dish. Mr. Bunn has secured the services of Miss Rainforth, Miss Romer, Mrs. Alfred Shaw, Miss Poole, Mr. Templeton, Mr. Harrison, Mr. H. Phillips, Mr. Leffler, Mr. Giubilei; whence it is apparent, that, for Mr. Wallack, there is but little musical choice. It is said he is in treaty with the gentle Madame Thillon, in whom *nubility* is, so to speak, a virtue; and with the fierce Mr. Stretton, in whom the state is, as it were, *status-quo-dolim-grateratic*.

THE ATTRACTION OF MR. BALFE'S NEW OPERA is unabated at the Princess' Theatre, at which establishment another Italian *brodo* is about to be served up in another English soup tureen.

MR. MADDOX, the *Impresario* of the Princess's Theatre, gave a dinner to the whole of the company, the band, and other branches of the establishment, on Saturday evening last, at the end of the performance, when the ladies and gentlemen, *in soldo suo*, contrived to make themselves very merry.

DR. CROTCH has been suffering from a severe attack of erysipelas in the leg, and has been confined to his bed for some weeks. He is now at Brighton where he is fast recovering his health.

THE DISTIN FAMILY have been giving promenade concerts in the Musical Hall at Newcastle, with great success. Several thousand persons have attended. They also gave a concert at the Theatre on the 28th, which was exceedingly well attended. Sunderland, Durham, Harrogate, Hull, and other places, will be immediately visited by the Distins for the purpose of giving concerts. In a short time they proceed, we believe, to Germany.

DR. SPOHR.—The lovers of pianoforte music, and the admirers of this great man

will be delighted to hear that he has, at last, been persuaded to turn his attention to music for *pianoforte solo*, and has completed a pianoforte sonata, which will, we understand, be immediately published.

LA REVUE ET GAZETTE MUSICALE.—Heaven defend us from our friends! M. Schlesinger has put his case into the hands of M. Henri Blanchard, who has clumsily attempted a defence of the *Revue*, by asserting that "God save the King" was written by M. Maurice Schlesinger, or some other Frenchman of equal insignificance. What has "God save the King" to do with your filching whole columns from the *Athenæum*, and calling the filched matter, a letter from your London correspondent, *M. le Rédacteur*? We shall handel Mr. Puff Blanchard fully in our next—at present we have not time to waste upon him.

LA PERI.—We hear that the eminent music publishers, Messrs. R. Cocks & Co., have become the proprietors of the popular ballet, "*La Peri*." They have just issued a compendious catalogue of all their publications, which well merits the attention of professors and amateurs of music.

MR. C. F. HALL gave a very pleasant entertainment, *à la Wilson*, at the *National Association Hall*, in High Holborn, on Monday evening, which was well attended. The entertainment consisted of a discourse on music, interspersed with a selection of vocal music, calling into request the talents of Miss Pearce, Messrs. Woolidge, Banister and Hall. The discourse was very amusing, and by no means devoid of interest—the music was exceedingly well sung by all concerned, and especially Miss Pearce—and the audience was evidently delighted.

MR. HOGAN the pianist is on a visit to his friends in Ireland. We understand he returns to Bath early in the next month.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.—The committee have issued a prospectus, in which they announce that the conversazioni which were instituted last year, will be continued this year. To these meetings, which will commence on Friday, October the 6th, a limited number of subscribers will be admitted. The prospectus directs public attention to the library of the society, which assumes so great an importance to the professors of music. Non-members are allowed to subscribe, on the written recommendation of two members, on reasonable terms.

GRAVESEND.—(From a Correspondent.)—A charming little concert occurred at this agreeable watering place, on Saturday morning. The *entrepreneurs* were not named in the programme, but we have been informed that Messrs. Kiallmark and Grattan Cooke must plead guilty to the charge. The Literary Institution, a new

and very elegant building, situated near the river, at the mouth of Harmer-street, contains an excellent and commodious music room, which served for the occasion. The selection was various and good, and called forth the greatest demonstrations of pleasure from the audience. The lady vocalists were Miss Dolby, Miss Williams and Miss Marcus—Miss Dolby gave "*una voce*," and two of her "Charlie over the water" songs, very charmingly. In one of the latter she was encored, which induced her to substitute the other. Miss Williams was also honoured with a very warm encore for her agreeable singing of "Kathleen Mavourneen," and Miss Marcus received a like compliment in a song by Masini, which she sang very cleverly, and was efficiently aided by Mr. Grattan Cooke in an *oboe obligato* accompaniment. The gentleman vocalists were Signor Ferrari, who, in a very expressive M.S. ballad composed for the occasion by Mr. Grattan Cooke, (who accompanied it) obtained very general approval; and Mr. Handel Gear, who proved his versatility in two duets—with Miss Marcus and Signor Ferrari—and the serenade from "Don Pasquale." The instrumental department of the programme was admirably sustained by Mr. Kiallmark, who performed one of the most difficult fantasias of Thalberg in brilliant style, and accompanied all the vocal music with musicianly taste and discretion; Mr. Grattan Cooke, who executed with his accustomed skill, a fantasia for the oboe, of his own composing; and Signor G. Regondi, who, in a fantasia on the guitar, and a concerto for the concertina, played with even more than his accustomed excellence. Altogether the concert was very agreeable, and moreover, it was better attended than any concert we ever recollect at Gravesend. We believe it is the intention of the same *entrepreneurs*, whoever they may be, to repeat the experiment very shortly, and give the good folks of Gravesend another specimen of their art. We observed sundry Metropolitan physiognomies about the room.

**THE RANTROWITZ FAMILY.**—This talented but unfortunate Russian family have announced a concert, at the London Tavern, for Thursday evening, September 7th, in which they will be assisted by the following artists. Vocalists, Miss Dolby, Bassano, Lucombe, Messent, Cubitt and Lockey. — Messrs. Handel Gear, Ransford, and W. H. Jones; instrumentalists, Signor Golfin (pianoforte), Herr Koenig (cornet-a-piston), Mr. Patey, (violin), Mr. Jewell (flute), Mr. Blagrove (concertina)—conductors Signor Cittadini and Mr. J. W. Davison. The Kantrowitz family will sing several Russian, Polish, and German airs in costume. We earnestly call the attention of the public to the exigencies of this unlucky, but highly gifted family.

**THALBERG.**—We are told on good authority, that at the last concert of the Philharmonic, in 1842 (when such a hubbub was made about M. Thalberg performing *twice*, music of his own composition) the great pianist wrote to the directors of the Philharmonic Society, and *requested to be allowed to perform a piece with orchestral accompaniments*; stating that he would be most delighted to play a concerto by Beethoven, Mozart, Weber, Mendelssohn, Chopin, or *Sterndale Bennett*, whichever the directors might choose. We are furthermore informed, upon excellent authority, that the directors refused M. Thalberg's request—alleging that the subscribers would be greatly disappointed if M. Thalberg did not play his own music. In addition to the above, we are informed, on marvellously good authority, that when Mr. Parish Alvars, who was to have performed a harp fantasia, was fortunately indisposed, M. Thalberg again applied to the directors—asserting his extreme wish to play other than his own music at the Philharmonic, and adding that as he was to play twice (he was called upon so to do in consequence of Mr. Parish Alvars' indisposition) there was an excellent opportunity for his playing something classical, in order to show the public that such a style was not beyond his power. We are furthermore informed, on un-knock-downable authority, that M. Thalberg *was again refused* by the directors, and on the same stupid grounds. Pray is this true, Messieurs, the directors—and especially Messrs. Sterndale Bennett and Lucas, who, at least ought to know better—pray, we ask, is this true? If it be, we can only say that the circumstance itself, while it reflects the highest honour on M. Thalberg, reflects the lowest disgrace on the Philharmonic directors;—and still more open to reflection, is their concealment of the truth, when M. Thalberg was the object of so much vituperation and censure, for a sin of which *they knew him to be guiltless*. We are glad to make the *amende honorable* to M. Thalberg, by begging his pardon, for *we* were among the most noisy of the discontented.

#### Notice to Correspondents.

The new Musical Society, in embryo, (at Cheltenham), next time.

A LOVER OF CATHEDRAL MUSIC next time.

A MEMBER OF THE ANTIQUARIANS ought to be a member of the Society of Jackasses.

#### LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PIANO SOLO.		
Benedict—Rondo	.....	Ewer and Co.
Quilling—Three Rondinos	.....	Ewer and Co.
FOUR HANDS.		
Mozart—Variations	.....	Ewer and Co.
Mozart—Opera Zauberklo	.....	Ewer and Co.
VIOLIN.		
Ernst—Adagio	.....	Ewer and Co.
Ernst—Rondino	.....	Ewer and Co.

#### Advertisements.

##### PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

The Public are respectfully informed, that in consequence of the increasing attraction of Mr. M. W. Balfe's New Opera of *GERALDINE*; and the numerous applications for places, the Theatre will remain open for a few nights only! when it must be positively closed for some weeks, on account of the extensive preparations for the ensuing Season.

This Evening, Thursday, August 31, will be performed *GERALDINE*; or, *THE LOVER'S WELL*. Principal characters by Mr. Allen, Mr. Barker, Mr. Walton, Mr. Paul Bedford, Mrs. H. P. Grattan, Miss Floyd, and Madame Eugenia Garcia.

After which *BOMBASTES FURIOSO*; and the Second Act of *THE THREE GRACES*.

On Friday, *GERALDINE*; or, *THE LOVER'S WELL*; *BOMBASTES FURIOSO*, and other Entertainments.

Mr. M. W. Balfe's New Opera of *GERALDINE*; or, *THE LOVER'S WELL*, is nightly received with enthusiasm, and will be repeated this Evening, Friday, and Saturday.

Stage Manager, Mr. H. I. WALLACK.

Dress Circle, 5s. Boxes, 4s. Pit, 2s. Gallery, 1s. Half-price at 9 o'clock—Dress Circle, 2s. 6d. Boxes, 2s. Pit, 1s. Gallery, 6d.—Private Boxes, 2l. 2s. Proscenium Boxes, 2l. 12s. 6d.—Doors to be opened at half-past Six, and Performance to commence at Seven o'clock.

##### NAPOLEON'S MILITARY CARRIAGE.

Taken at WATERLOO.—Room magnificently fitted to show the decoration of his period, Engravings of his History, splendid Bust by Canova, the Cloak he wore at Marengo, the Sword of Egypt, the Standard given to his Guards, his Watch, Gold Snuff-box, Ring, one of his Teeth, the Instrument that drew it, Tooth-Brush, the Dress worn in exile, Dessert Service used at St. Helena, Counterpane stained with his blood, &c.; the greater part late the property of Prince Lucien.

MADAME TUSSAUD and SON'S EXHIBITION, Bazaar, Baker-street. Open from 11 till Dusk, and from 7 to 10. Great Room, One Shilling; Napoleon Relics, and Chamber of Horrors, Sixpence.

##### THE CHINESE COLLECTION, HYDE PARK CORNER.

This Splendid Collection consists of objects EXCLUSIVELY CHINESE, and surpasses in extent and grandeur any similar display in the known world, entirely fills the spacious Saloon, 225 feet in length, by 50 feet in width; and embraces upwards of FIFTY FIGURES AS LARGE AS LIFE, all fac-similes, in groups, and in their correct native Costumes, from the highest Mandarin to the lowest subject in the Empire.

Also MANY THOUSAND SPECIMENS, both in Natural History and Miscellaneous Curiosities; illustrating the appearance, manners, and customs of more than 300,000 Chinese, respecting whom the Nations of Europe have had scarcely any opportunity of judging.

IS NOW OPEN for Public Inspection from 10 IN THE MORNING TILL 10 AT NIGHT.

Admission, 2s. 6d.—Children under 12, 1s.

##### THE VILLAGE STREAM. SONG.

The Poetry by Charles H. Hitchings, Esq. The Music composed by Edwin George Monk.

"In the music there is a manly simplicity and hearty earnestness, which are not of every day growth. Mr. Monk appears to possess qualification rare and admirable."—*Litton Chronicle*.

"The words and music of this Song are very happily harmonised, and they seem to echo back each other."—*Chester Courant*.

"The work of a sound musician."—*The Era*.

##### HANDEL'S Chorusses in the Messiah.

AS DUETS FOR THE ORGAN OR PIANOFORTE, BY S. F. RIMBAULT.

Complete in three Books with Accompaniments. (ad lib) for two Violins, or Flute, and Violin, Tenor and Violoncello or for four Voices.

Price 30s.—(or in separate parts from 1s.)

Published by Prowse, at C. Nicholson's Flute Manufactory, and Pianoforte Warehouse 13, Hanway-street, Oxford street, Publisher of Loder's Elements of Music for the Pianoforte, Price 6s.—also Lo Studio, by Ernest Von Winter, consisting of 10 Numbers at 2s. 6d. each. The object of the above rondos is to amuse as well as to instruct the Student. Each rondo is written with its own peculiar style, possessing all the advantages of an exercise without the dryness and want of interest which characterize that species of composition.

